did diſdaine my childe, and ſtoode betweene her and her fortunes: none would looke on her, but caſt their gazes on *Marinas* face, whilſt ours was blurred at, and held a Mawkin, not worth the time of day. It pierc'd me thorow, and though you call my courſe unnaturall, you not your childe well loving, yet I finde it greets me as an enterprize of kindeneſſe, perform'd to your ſole daughter.

Cle. Heavens forgive it.

Dion. And as for *Pericles*, what ſhould he ſay? we wept after her hearſe, and yet we mourne: her monument is almoſt finiſhed, and her Epitaph in glittering golden charracters, expreſſe a generall praiſe to her, and care in us, at whoſe expence tis done.

Cle. Thou art like the Harpie,
Which to betray, doſt with thy Angels face,
Ceaze with thine Eagles talents.

Dion. You are like one, that ſuperſtitiouſly
Doth ſweare to the gods, that Winter kils the flies,
But yet I know, you'l do as I adviſe. *Exit.*

Enter, Gower.

Thus time we waſte, and longeſt leagues make ſhort,
Saile ſeaes in Cockels, have and wiſh but fort:
Making to take our imagination,
From bourne to bourne, region to region.
By you being pard'ned, we commit no crime
To uſe one Langnage, in each ſeverall clime,
Where our ſcenes ſeeme to live. I do beſeech you
To learne of me, who ſtands in gaps to teach you,
The ſtages of our ſtory *Pericles*,
Is now againe thwarting the wayward ſeas;
(Attended on by many a Lord and Knight)
To ſee his Daughter, all his lives delight.
Old *Hellicanus* goes along behinde,
Is left to governe it: you beare in minde
Old *Eſcenes*, whom *Hellicanus* late
Advanc'd in time to great and high eſtate.

Well

Well ſayling ſhips, and bounteous windes have br
This King to *Tharſus*, thinke this Pilate thought
So with his ſterage, ſhall your thoughts grone
To fetch his daughter home, who firſt is gone
Like moates and ſhadowes, ſee them move a whil
Your eares unto your eyes Ile reconcile.

Enter Pericles at one doore, with all his traine, Cleo
at the other. Cleon ſhewes Pericles the toombe, wh
makes lamentation, puts on ſacke-cloth, and in a
departs.

Gower. See how beleefe may ſuffer by fowle ſho
This borrowed paſſion ſtands for true old woe:
And *Pericles* in ſorrow all devour'd,
With ſighes ſhot through, and biggeſt teares ore-ſ
Leaves *Tharſus*, and againe imbarks, he ſweares
Never to waſh his face, nor cut his haires,
He put on ſackcloth and to ſea he beares,
A tempeſt which his mortall veſſell teares.
And yet he rides it out. Now take we our way
To the Epitaph for *Marina*, write by *Dionizia*.

The faireſt ſweeteſt, and beſt lies here,
Who withered in her ſpring of yeares.
She was of Tyrus the Kings Daughter,
On whom foule, death hath made this ſlaughter
Marina was ſhe cald, and at her birth,
That is being proud, ſwallowed ſome part of th
Therefore the earth fearing to be ore-flowed,
Hath Thetis birth-child on the heavens beſtow
Wherefore ſhe does and ſweares ſhee'l never ſti
Make raging Battrie upon ſhores of flint.

No vizor does become blacke villany,
So well as ſoft and tender flattery:
Let *Pericles* beleeve his daughter's dead,
And beare his courſes to be ordered.